Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe,
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along,
My ſelfe and my good Cooſen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreate of her,
To meete you at the tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghoſt:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Pri And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare:
But come my Lo: with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſ. manet, Rich. Buck.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well, let them reſt: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter
To make William Lo: Haſtings of our minde,
For the inſtalement of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?

Cateſ.

Cateſ. He for his fathers
That he will not be wonne
Buck. What thinkeſt tho
Cat. He will dee all in al
Buck. Well then no more
Go gentle Catesby, and as
Sound thou Lo: Haſtings,
Vnto our purpoſe, if he be
Encourage him, and ſhew
If he be leaden, icie, cold, v
Be thou ſo too: and ſo bre
And giue vs notice of his i
For we to morrow hold deu
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt hig
Glo. Commend me to L
His auncient knot of dange
To morrow are let bloud a
And bid my friend for ioy
Giue Miſtreſſe Shore, one g
Buck. Good Catesby eff
Cat. My good Lo: both,
Glo. Shall we heare from
Cat. You ſhall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place th
Buc. Now my Lo: what
William Lo: Haſtings will
Glo. Chop of his head ma
And looke when I am King
The Earledome of Herefor
Whereof the King my brot
Buc. Ile claime that prom
Glo. And looke to haue
Come let vs ſuppe betimes,
We may digeſt our complo

Enter a Meſſenger

Meſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knockes at t
Meſ. A meſſenger from

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